

RANDOLPH JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RANDOLPH COUNTY.

New Series.

WINCHESTER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1862.

Vol. I.—No. 4.

THE
RANDOLPH JOURNAL
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

Dynes and Bonebrake,
Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,
IF PAID IN ADVANCE.
ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS
IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
One square, one insertion, 1.00
Each additional insertion,25
A liberal discount will be made to those
who advertise for a longer period.

Business Directory.

Business Cards of all kinds of book 25. per year.
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

BROWNE & CHENEY, Attorneys
at Law, Winchester, Ind. Office in
the Jail Building. Give especial at-
tention to the securing and collection of
claims. (15-1)

R. D. FERGUSON, Winchester,
Indiana. Office and residence on
corner of Main and South Streets, where
he may at all times be found, unless pro-
fessionally engaged.

A. F. TEAL, M.D., Physician and
Surgeon, Winchester, Ind. Office
and residence on Franklin Street, East of
the Franklin House, where he may al-
ways be found unless professionally en-
gaged.

R. BOSWORTH, Physician and Sur-
geon, Deerfield, Ind. Office south-
west corner of Main and Meridian Streets.
Special attention given to Chroni-
c Diseases. Agents and Cathartic Pills,
always on hand and for sale, by the box
or single dose, and warranted free from
Calomel, Quinine or Arsenic. (15-25)

W. B. PIERCE, Druggist, and dealer
in Books and Stationery.
Corner of Franklin and Meridian Sts.

THOMAS WARD, Hardware Mer-
chant, Washington Street, north of
the Public Square, Winchester, Ind.

BILLIARD SALOON, Cal S. Wash-
tel, Proprietor, East of the Mansion
House, Winchester, Ind. To the lovers
of pleasure this is a pleasant game.

EMPIRE HOUSE, Union City, Ind.
J. B. Farley, Proprietor.
Board \$1 per day or 25 cts per meal.
Enlarged and improved stabling
for horses. (12-1)

MORRIS HOUSE, H. Whitmore,
Proprietor, opposite the Union De-
pot, Indianapolis, Ind.

DYNE & BONEBRAKE, News,
Book and Job Printers, East of the
Public Square, Winchester.

JOHN ROSS, Grocer and Baker, and
dealer in Provisions, &c. Store on
the north-east corner of Main and Frank-
lin Streets.

LENNERSDORFER & WESP.
Manufacturers of Furniture and
Chairs, of the latest and best styles. East
of the Public Square, Winchester.

**WESTERN COMMERCIAL
NURSERY.**
The Proprietor keeps constantly on
hand a large and varied assortment of
Fruit Trees, Evergreens, Roses, Orna-
mental Trees and Shrubs, and all kinds
of Nursery Products.
Responsible Agents wanted in every
County. Catalogues supplied free on ap-
plication. Address:
A. C. FLETCHER, Jr.,
Box 28 1y Indianapolis, Ind.

JOHN B. CROWLEY, M.D., Phy-
sician and Surgeon, Winchester, Ind.,
graduate of Philadelphia College of Medi-
cine, and Philadelphia College of Sur-
gery, and Philadelphia College of Den-
tistry, and Philadelphia College of Podi-
atrics and Diseases of Females.
Having been Assistant Surgeon of the
Army, and having spent several years in the
Hospitals and Dispensaries of Philadelphia,
and being supplied with excellent surgical in-
struments, he is prepared to perform all opera-
tions in the various departments of the pro-
fession.
Particular attention paid to diseases of
the eye. OFFICE—Washington street, near
the north-west corner of the Public Square,
Winchester, Indiana.

From the Atlantic Monthly. "FRIEND ELI'S DAUGHTER." (CONTINUED.)

One afternoon as he was idly
sitting on the stone wall which
separated the garden from the
lane, Asenath, attired in a new
gown of chocolate-colored calico,
with a double-handed willow
work-basket on her arm, issued
from the house.

As she approached him she
paused and said—

"The time seems to hang heavy
on thy hands, Richard. If
there's strong enough to walk to
the village, it might do thee more
good than sitting still."

Richard Hilton at once jumped
down from the wall.

"Certainly I am able to go,"
said he, "if you will allow it."

"Haven't I asked thee?" was
her quiet reply.

"Let me carry your basket,"
he said, suddenly, after they had
walked, side by side, some distance
down the lane.

"Indeed I shall not let thee do
that. I'm only going for the
mail, and some little things at the
store, that make no weight at all.
Thee musn't think I'm like the
young women of the city, who—
I'm told—if they buy a spool of
cotton, must have it sent home to
them. Besides, thee musn't over-
exert thy strength."

Richard Hilton laughed merrily
at the gravity with which she
uttered the last sentence.

"Why, Miss—Asenath, I mean
—what am I good for, if I have
not strength enough to carry a
basket?"

"Thee's a man, I know, and I
think a man would almost as lief
be thought wicked as weak. Thee
can't help being weakly-inclined,
and it's only right that thee should
be careful of thyself. There's
nothing in that that thee need be
ashamed of."

While thus speaking, Asenath
moderated her walk, in order, un-
consciously to her companion, to
restrain his steps.

"On, there are the dog's-tooth
violets in blossom!" she exclaimed,
pointing to a shady spot be-
side the brook; "does thee know
them?"

Richard immediately gathered
and brought to her a handful of
the nodding yellow bells, trem-
bling above their large, cool, spotted
leaves.

"How beautiful they are!" she
answered. "The flower is an E-
lythronium; but I am accustomed
to the common name, and like it.
Did thee ever study botany?"

"Not at all. I can tell a geranium
when I see it, and I know a
heliotrope by the smell. I co'd
never mistake a red cabbage for
a rose, and I can recognize a hol-
lyhock or sunflower at a consid-
erable distance. The wild flowers
are all strangers to me; I wish I
knew something about them."

"If thee's fond of flowers, it
would be very easy to learn. I
think a study of this kind would
pleasantly occupy thy mind—
Why couldn't thee try? I should
be very willing to teach thee
what little I know. It's not
much, indeed, but all thee wants
is a start. See, I will show you

how simple the principles are."

Taking one of the flowers from
the bunch, Asenath, as they slowly
walked forward, proceeded to
dissect it, explained the myste-
ries of stamens and pistils, pollen,
petals, and calyx, and, by the
time they had reached the vil-
lage, had succeeded in giving him
a general idea of the Linnæan
system of classification. His
mind took hold of the subject with
a prompt and profound interest.
It was a new and wonderful
world which suddenly opened
before him. How surprised he
was to learn that there were signs
by which a poisonous herb could
be detected from a wholesome
one, that cedars and pine trees
blossomed, that the gray lichens
on the rocks belonged to the ve-
getable kingdom! His respect for
Asenath's knowledge thrust quite
out of sight the restraint which
her youth and sex had imposed
upon him. She was teacher,
equal, friend; and the simple,
candid manner which was the
natural expression of her dignity
and purity thoroughly harmonized
with this relation.

Although, in reality, two or
three years younger than he, Asenath
had a gravity of demeanor, a
calm self-possession, a deliberate
balance of mind, and a repose
of the emotional nature, which
he had never before observed, ex-
cept in much older women. She
had had, as he could well imagine,
no romping girlhood, no sea-
son of careless, light-hearted dal-
liance with opening life, no vio-
lent alternation even of the usual
griefs and joys of youth. The
social calm in which she had ex-
panded had developed her nature
as gently and securely as a sea-
flower is unfolded beneath the
reach of tides and storms.

She would have been very
much surprised, if any one had
called her handsome, yet her face
had a mild, unobtrusive beauty
which seemed to grow and deep-
en from day to day. Of a longer
oval than the Greek standard, it
was yet as harmonious in outline;
the nose was fine and straight,
the dark blue eyes steady and un-
troubled, and the lips calmly, but
not too firmly closed. Her brown
hair, parted over a high white
forehead, was smoothly laid
across the temples, drawn behind
the ears, and twisted into a sim-
ple knot. The white cap and
sun bonnet gave her face a nun-
like character, which set her
apart, in the thoughts of "the
world's people" whom she met,
as one sanctified for some holy
work. She might have gone
around the world, repelling every
rude word, every bold glance, by
the protecting atmosphere of puri-
ty and truth which inclosed her.

The days went by, bringing
some new blossom to adorn and
illustrate the joint studies of the
young man and maiden. For
Richard Hilton had soon master-
ed the elements of botany, as
taught by Priscilla Wakefield,—
the only source of Asenath's
knowledge,—and entered, with
her, upon the text-book of Grey,
a copy of which he procured
from Philadelphia. Yet, though

he had overtaken her in his
knowledge of the technicalities
of the science, her practical ac-
quaintance with plants and their
habits left her still his superior.
Day by day, exploring the mead-
ows, the woods, and the clear-
ings, he brought home his dis-
coveries to enjoy her aid in clas-
sifying and assigning them to
their true places. Asenath had
generally an hour or two of
leisure from domestic duties in
the afternoon, or after the early
supper of summer was over; and
sometimes, on "Seven-days," she
would be his guide to some lo-
cality where the rarer plants
were known to exist. The par-
ents saw this community of in-
terest and exploration without a
thought of misgiving. They
trusted their daughter as them-
selves; or, if any possible fear
had flitted across their hearts, it
was allayed by the absorbing
delight with which Richard Hil-
ton pursued his study. An earn-
est discussion as to whether a
certain leaf was ovate or lanceo-
late, whether a certain plant be-
longed to the species *scandens*
or *canadensis*, was, in their eyes,
convincing proof that the young
brains were touched, and there-
fore not the young hearts.

But love, symbolized by a
rose-bud, is emphatically a bo-
tanical emotion. A sweet ten-
der perception of beauty, such as
this study requires, or develops,
is at once the most subtle and
certain chain of communication
between impressible natures.—
Richard Hilton, feeling that his
years were numbered, had given
up, in despair, his boyish dreams,
even before he understood them;
his fate seemed to preclude the
possibility of love. But as he
gained a little strength from the
genial season, the pure country
air, and the release from gloomy
thoughts which his rambles af-
forded, the end was further re-
moved, and a future—though
brief, perhaps, still a future—
began to glimmer before him.—
If this could be his life, new plants
every morning, and their classifi-
cation every evening, Asenath's
help, on the shady portico of
Friend Mitchell's house,—he
could forget his doom, and enjoy
the blessing of life unthinkingly.

The azaleas succeeded to the
anemones, the orchis and trillium
followed, then the yellow
gerardias and the feathery pur-
ple pogonias, and finally the
growing gleam of the golden-
rods along the wood side and the red
umbels of the tall eupatoriums in
the meadow announced the close
of summer. One evening, as
Richard, in displaying his col-
lection, brought to view the
blood red leaf of a gum tree, Asenath exclaimed—

"Ah, there is the sign! It is
early, this year."

"What sign?" he asked.

"That the summer is over.—
We shall soon have frosty nights,
and then nothing will be left for
us except the asters and gentians
and golden rods."

Was the time so near? A few
more weeks and this Arcadian
life would close. He must go

back to the city, to its rectili-
near streets, its close brick walls,
its artificial, constrained exis-
tence. How could he give up
the peace, the contentment, the
hope he had enjoyed through the
summer? The question sudden-
ly took a definite form in his
mind; How could he give up
Asenath? Yes,—the quiet un-
suspecting girl, sitting beside him,
with her lap full of the Septem-
ber blooms he had gathered,
was thenceforth a part of his in-
most life. Pure and beautiful as
she was, almost sacred in his re-
gard, his heart dared to say,—
"I need her and claim her!"

"Thee looks pale to-night,
Richard," said Abigail, as they
took their seats at the supper-table.
"I hope thee has not taken
cold."

III.

"Will the go along, Richard?
I know where the rudbeckias
grow," said Asenath, on the fol-
lowing "Seventh day" afternoon.

They crossed the meadows,
and followed the course of the
stream, under its canopy of mag-
nificent ash and plane trees; into
a brake between the hills. It
was an almost impenetrable
thicket, spangled with tall au-
tumnal flowers. The eupatori-
ums, with their purple crowns,
stood like young trees, with an
undergrowth of aster and blue
spikes of lobelia, tangled in a
golden mesh of dodder. A strong,
mature odor, mixed alike of
leaves and flowers, and very dif-
ferent from the faint, elusive
sweetness of spring, filled the air.
The creek, with a few faded
leaves dropped upon its bosom,
and films of gossamer, streaming
from its bushy fringe, gurgled
over the pebbles in its bed.—
Here and there, on its banks,
shone the deep yellow stars of
the flowers they sought.

Richard Hilton walked as in a
dream mechanically plucking a
stem of rudbeckia only to toss it
presently into the water.

"Why, Richard! what's thee
doing?" cried Asenath; thee has
thrown away the very best spec-
imen."

"Let it go," he answered
sadly. "I am afraid everything
else is thrown away."

"What does thee mean?" she
asked, with a look of surprised
and anxious inquiry.

"Don't ask me, Asenath. Or
—yes I will tell you. I must
tell you now, or never afterwards.
Do you know what a happy life
I've been leading since I came
here?—that I've learned what
life is, as if I'd never known it
before? I want to live, Asenath,
—and do you know why?"

"I hope thee will live, Rich-
ard," she said gently and tender-
ly, her deep blue eyes dim with
the mist of unshed tears.

"But, Asenath, how am I to
live without you? But you can't
understand that, because you do
not know what you are to me.
No, you never guessed that all
this while I've been loving you
more and more, until now I have
no other idea of death than not
to see you (not to love you, not to
share your life!"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)